

# The Alliance Herald

BURR-PRINTING CO., Owners

Entered at the postoffice at Alliance, Neb., for transmission through the mails as second class matter. Published Tuesdays and Friday.

GEORGE L. BURR, JR., Editor  
EDWIN M. BURR, Business Manager

Official newspaper of the City of Alliance; official newspaper of Box Butte County.

Owned and published by The Burr Printing Company, George L. Burr, Jr., President; Edwin M. Burr, Vice President.

## DAYLIGHT SAVING

In these days, especially in an agricultural community, only a brave man dares openly admit that he would like to see the daylight saving plan perpetuated. It's a simple thing, this turning the clocks back an hour and thus adding an hour of daylight to every workman's period of rest, and the system has been uniformly made welcome in the cities, but the mention of daylight saving in the front of a member of the farming element has the same unpleasant effect as waving a red flag in the face of a hostile gentleman cow.

The farmers do not like the daylight saving system, and they probably have plenty of good and sufficient reasons for disliking it. Among the arguments they advance is that they cannot go into the fields an hour earlier because of the dew on the grass. They cannot go ahead by their old schedule, like the railroads do when daylight saving is adopted, because by the time their work in the fields is finished and they come to the city to do their shopping, the stores, which operate by another clock, will be closed.

It has been suggested that Alliance adopt a daylight savings system for the summer months. It will save coal and electric lights, and will give an extra hour for recreation at a time when recreation is most desirable, or permit a man to raise a home garden if he so desires. It will be of benefit to those who yearn to play golf, but find the afternoon all too short.

If it is possible to arrange a daylight saving plan that will not work any particular hardship on the farmers who do their trading in Alliance, it would be a good thing in many ways. There will be some confusion resulting from keeping two sets of time, one for railroads and the other for work, but it has been done. However, there is no use attempting it unless everyone can be made to co-operate and feel right about it. There's no benefit in having an extra hour of recreation for some workers and making others, such as clerks, work an hour extra to care for late customers from the farms.

The Herald, an issue or two back, asked for opinions from farmers and others who were interested in daylight saving, either for or against the proposition. A number of replies have come in, verbal and written, and there is no question that the farming element is almost a unit in opposition to any monkeying with the clocks. One letter will represent the sentiment quite faithfully. One correspondent writes:

"I notice that there is some discussion of the daylight saving plan for Alliance. Well, that daylight saving plan would be a very good advertisement for the mail order houses. This would give more time for city people to drive out in the country to leave gates open or ram fences down to leave stock run on crops for the farmers."

That seems to be about the attitude, and while this particular correspondent doesn't show any too friendly a feeling for the city people in general, all of them appear to believe that the daylight saving system is devised for the sole benefit of the townspeople and is intended to inconvenience the farmer. We want no more wars like unto those which raged over the removal of hitching posts. It's better to keep peace in the family than to play golf or raise radishes.

## RANDOM SHOTS

The following poem has been handed in for this column, respectfully dedicated to a brother publisher, who was stalled Sunday morning midway between the golf links and his home. Cause—same as the gent in the poem. Effect—a long, exhilarating walk in the cool air, spoiled somewhat by a temperature heated by Sunday cuss-words:

### What Ails My Auto.

O, tell me Mister Auto man, why don't my auto go?  
You're learned in all the auto lore, I'm sure you auto know.  
The sizzler auto sizzles when I pull the starting plug;  
And when I feed the gasoline the chug-chug auto chug.  
When I get up here in the seat and give the wheel a turn,  
And twist the sparkler button so the gasoline will burn,  
And fix one thing or other so the pistons will not pound,  
Turn on the juice and slam the door, why don't the wheels go round?  
Is it the differentials that don't differentiate  
Or does the radiator sometimes fail to radiate?  
Is it in the transmission box or mayhap in the tires  
Or in the bolts or cranks or in those measly wires?  
Isn't it the way I hold the wheel or use the battery?  
O, tell me Mister Auto Man whatever it may be,  
And then up speaks the Auto Man with high and haughty mien  
"Your auto auto auto if you'd get some gasoline."

That poem was handed in a month ago, but we saved it until the proper occasion. We knew it would come.

And now, if someone has a poem on demolishing garage doors, hand her in. We know who'll plead guilty.

At that, shoe leather is less expensive than hiring carpenters by the hour.

The handsomest automobile salesman in Alliance was demonstrating a car the other day. In speaking of a rival make, he said: "The springs on that car are only semi-epileptic. Our car is completely epileptic."

By the way, in the interest of harmony among the automobile profess, it might be well to explain that we don't consider Tom Gee the handsomest automobile salesman in the city. He's good but there's one that has him bested.

One of the visiting Scottish Ritters told an old story the other day with a new twist at the end of it. It seems that some brother came home from the club very much amused. When asked as to the cause of his mirth, he explained that there was a rather funny sort of a stunt there. "Some fellow offered a silk hat to the man who would say truthfully that he had kissed no woman other than his wife since he had been married. And not a man claimed it." His wife immediately became suspicious. "Why didn't you bring home the hat?" The poor fellow stammered and grasped about for an alibi. "Aw, dearie," he protested. "You know I'd look like h— in a silk hat."

The fellow who is helping Bert Laing put on the big sale was telling a bunch of them that he had seen service in the army. One ex-soldier was pretty well interested and asked him what branch he had been with. "I was a pilot in the cavalry," was the answer. The ex-soldier grew suspicious. "I didn't know the cavalry had pilots." "Oh, yes, they did," was the response. "I had to pilot outside the stables."

Ole Buck says: Alliance is talking about adopting the daylight saving plan. Out in that section of the world where the sun doesn't set until bed time it might be sensible to change the clock during the summer.

An exchange says that it isn't wise to expect very much of a preacher whose breeches are not worn shiny at the knees.

We gather, from certain rather large hints, that some publishers are this way about subscription contests—

## SOME AMUSING ANSWERS

(Midwest Veteran)

When the citizenship cases came up before Judge Blackledge the first of the week, many amusing replies were received from men who come up to secure their final papers. One man was asked who the president of the United States is. He didn't know. Neither did he know who the governor of Nebraska is, nor whether the head of the United States government is a king, kaiser, prince or president. He had never heard of Samuel R. McKelvie, but he did know that the laws of Nebraska are made by Byrum.

When asked who George Washington was he replied, "He was the boy that cut—" but when everybody started laughing, he stopped and later stated that George Washington discovered America. And he wasn't a German nor a Frenchman either, and although he was born in England and had spoken the language all his life he could neither read nor write. When asked whether his wife was born in this country, he said, "No, she was born in Missouri."—Franklin County News.

Incidents like that related in the Franklin county paper are amusing but at the same time somewhat appalling. They reveal a situation which is not without menace to our country. These men who returned the funny answers presumably received their final papers or will soon do so. As citizens they will be entitled to the same rights and privileges as anyone else, including the privilege of helping elect our lawmakers.

It is high time someone was taking a more earnest and less superficial interest in the foreign born residents. Our immigration is cut down to a minimum for a few years, for which thank heaven, but there is plenty of material right here in Nebraska to keep us busy doing real Americanization work for some time.

If the American Legion actually intends to live up to its reputation and declared principles of 100 per cent Americanism, it is up to the legionaires to get busy. Every applicant for citizenship should be visited by representatives of the local post, and steps taken to insure his receiving the proper training and appreciation of his new responsibilities. And the Legion should take care that no unworthy applicants are admitted.

## WORSE THAN FOOLISH

(Hamilton County Register)

We must subscribe to the sentiment of a contemporary that the enforcement of the prohibitory law is weakened more by lawmakers seeking to regulate everything, than by official neglect, boozemakers' activity or liquor manufacturers' greed. Laws founded not on principle but made to fit some one's desire to have folks do as themselves. To allow the smoking of tobacco in a pipe and prohibit it in cigarettes is not logical. To prevent curb free speech and free action is criminal. To deny men from giving utterance to honest opinions because they do not coincide with yours is worse than foolish. To have boards to censor morals and so take charge of personal earnings, personal business and personal pleasures that your government links this person in one place and chafes that person in another; till it is unpopular and becomes a costly monumental farce, ineffective and unrespected, creates a prejudice even against good laws that makes them difficult of enforcement.

## WANTED—A FOOL KILLER

(Scotts-bluff Star-Herald)

One of the biggest (unintentional) jokes of the 1921 season is the recent order by officials in charge of such matters to the Chippewa Indians to the effect that they must cease their tribal dances because the latter events were "indecent." The amusing portion of the matter lies in the fact that the officials should look so far afield as Oklahoma to censorize a dance, when high society balls occur almost nightly in some portions of the national capital city. Needless to state the Chippewas paid no attention to the order, and went ahead with the dance that featured that tribe for hundreds of years before the white people arrived with their "close-up," "wiggles," "buzard lops," "rabbit hop," "delirium tremors stagger" and other refined exhibitions of the Terpsichorian art.

A good many men who have explained the details of Professor Einstein's theory of relativity have been called on by the treasury department to correct their income-tax returns.—New York Herald.

So far, by a marvelous exercise of self-restraint, Germany has refrained from offering to the allies the wooden statute of Hindenburg as full reparation.—New York Evening Post.

Wouldn't it give the God of War an awful jolt were it possible to make those responsible for wars pay the pensions bills growing out of them?—Marion Star.

The trouble about these aliens knocking at our doors is that they keep on knocking after they're in.—Washington Post.

## Vets' Relatives

### Get Preference on Immigration

Relatives of veterans of the World war will be given preference of entry in the United States under the immigration restriction act recently passed by congress, says Stars and Stripes. Under the provisions of the act only 3 per cent of the number of the foreign-born persons now living in the United States can be admitted to this country during the year ending June 30, 1922. Of this 3 per cent, under an amendment introduced by Representative Hamilton Fish, jr., a veteran, preference will be given to "the wives, parents, brothers, sisters, children under 18 years of age, and fiancées (1) of citizens of the United States, (2) of aliens now in the United States who have applied for citizenship in the manner provided for by law, or (3) of persons eligible to United States citizenship who served in the military or naval forces of the United States at any time between April 6, 1917 and November 11, 1918, both dates inclusive, and have been separated from such forces under honorable conditions."

An amendment allowing such relatives of veterans to enter the country without restriction was offered by Representative John Philip Hill, another veteran, but was defeated. Following this Fish offered his amendment. Severe attacks were made on both amendments, but the veterans stuck together and secured enough support to carry the Fish amendment 110-22.

In the course of the debate, Fish said all that was asked was preference for alien service men who are naturalized and who have families abroad. "The guns have ceased firing and the bands have ceased playing on this side," he said. "But during the war the slogan that went all over this country and to the boys on the other side simply said this, 'Nothing is too good for you when you return.' And I regret as a service man that I have to call the attention of congress to the fact that those words have received a substitute, and that substitute is, 'The war is over.' I do not think the congress is willing, now that they have an opportunity to give this preference to service men, to turn them down."

About 500,000 foreign-born men served in the forces of the United States during the war, 50,000 of whom had not taken out any papers and were neither morally nor legally obligated to serve. Only 1,600 aliens gave up their first papers to avoid military service.

It is estimated 355,000 immigrants will be admitted under the provisions of the new act and Representative Fish says he believes 60,000 of these will be relatives of ex-service men.

Come and see a good clean comedy and also help the local athletics.

## DISARMAMENT DIFFICULTIES

"Has Crimmon Gulch a baseball club?"  
"Not any more," replied Cactus Joe. "When a game was on we didn't dare let the umpire carry a six-shooter, and we couldn't find one willin' to work empty-handed."—Washington Star.

Get your Hosiery at the new market prices. 49  
Highland-Holloway Co.

Some folks say it is not healthful to work on an empty stomach, but if they do not work there will be an increase in the number of empty stomachs.

See the new Sport and Summer Hats just arrived. 49  
Highland-Holloway Co.

## THE TEST

The immigrant isn't fully Americanized until he learns to cuss the umpire.—Baltimore Sun.

A crusty old bachelor tells us that washing dishes and tending the baby while wife goes to a political meeting must be a labor of love. But as he has neither wife nor baby we'd like to know what he knows about the labors of love.

Real savings are to be had on our Suits of 1-3 to 1/2 less than actual values. 49  
Highland-Holloway Co.

Until an Italian inventor announced discovery of process of making artificial rubber everybody had forgotten whose turn it was.

The trouble about daylight saving is that there are people who, after they've saved it, don't know what to do wit hit.

Archeological investigations reveal the fact that Babylonian women painted their cheeks and penciled their eyebrows. Yes, and look what happened to Babylon.

# Have Good Luck !

## With Your Bread

EVERYTIME. Use a Guaranteed Flour. We have two brands of flour in stock that has brought such general good results that we feel free to

GUARANTEE YOUR SATISFACTION.

Red Moon Flour Victory Flour

\$2.25 the 48 lb. Sack

Money Back if it Does not Satisfy.


## VICTORY CHICKEN FEED

Makes the little chicks sturdy and strong. Their growth, when fed Victory Chick Feed, is fast and sure. Your profits are affected in the same way.

\$3.25 per 100 lbs. 24 lb sack 85c

# Farmer's Union

R. J. TRABERT, Manager



## DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

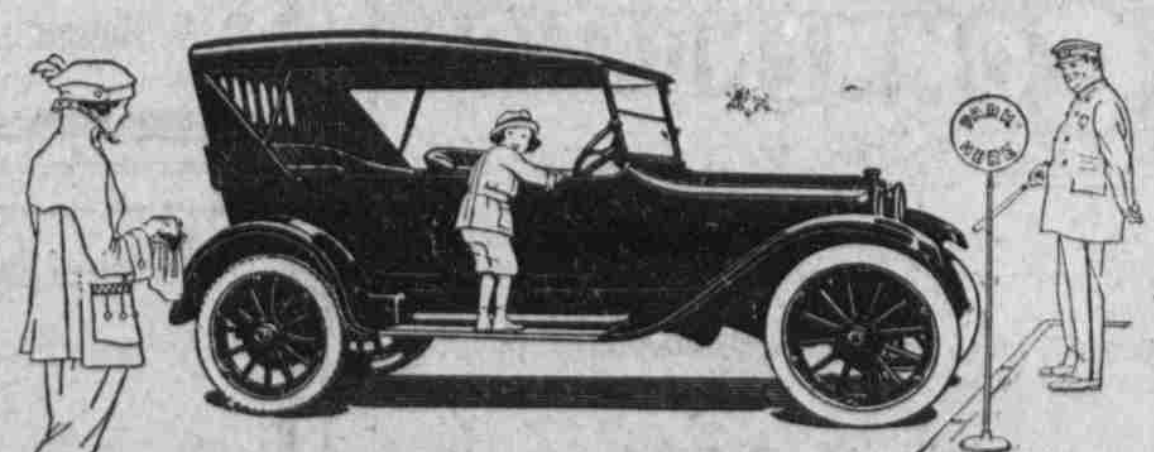
You will find every member of the family loyal to the car.

It is serviceable alike for all ages and all demands, whether business, family or social.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low  
The tire mileage is unusually high

## Lowry & Henry

Alliance, Nebraska



they can either take them or let 'em alone.

Others, on the contrary, can't refuse anything that is being passed around.

Health hint for today: If True Miller has been playing in your vicinity, remember that ordinary gasoline will remove chewing gum from the hair. It is not necessary to cut the sticky stuff out or use a fine tooth comb. Here's one place where high school training comes in handy.

### Today's Best Story.

Representative Muird of Maryland was denouncing profiteers. "The profiteers are insatiable," he said. "Their incredible insatiability reminds me of Egbert. Egbert, a tall, gaunt person, entered the manager's office in the Palace Dime Museum and asked for an engagement. 'Who are you?' asked the manager. 'I am Egbert, the egg king,' was the reply. 'What's your specialty?' 'I eat three dozen hen eggs, two dozen duck eggs and one dozen goose eggs at a single sitting.' 'I suppose you know our policy?' 'What's that?' 'We give four shows daily.' 'Fine and dandy.' 'And do you think you can get through them?' 'I know I can.' 'On Saturday we often give as many as six shows and on some holidays we give a performance every hour.' Egbert, the egg king, hesitated. 'In that case,' he said, 'I must have one thing understood before I sign a contract.' 'What's that?' asked the manager. 'No matter how rushing business is at the museum,' Egbert replied, 'you gotta gimme time enough to eat my regular meals at the hotel.'

### And the Second Best.

A negro employed at one of the movie studios in Los Angeles was drafted by a director to do a novel comedy scene with a lion. "You get into this bed," ordered the director, "and we'll bring the lion in and put him in bed with you. It will be a scream." "Put the lion in bed with me!" yelled the negro. "No, sah! Not a-tall! I quits right here and now." "But," protested the director, "this lion won't hurt you. This lion was brought up on milk." "So was I brought up on milk," wailed the negro, "but I eats meat now."